Cat. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buck. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Haſtings how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtreſſe Shore, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At Crosby place, there ſhall you find vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord Haſtings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſomewhat we will do,
And looke when I am King claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the mooueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſ. A meſſenger from the L. Stanley. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First

First he commends him to
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.*
He dreamt to night the B
Beſides he ſayes, there are
And that may be determi
Which may make you an
Therefore he ſends to kno
If preſently you will take
And with all ſpeed poſt i
To ſhun the danger that h
Haſt. Good fellow go,
Bid him not feare the ſepa
His Honour and my ſelfe
And at the other is my ſer
Where nothing can proce
Whereof I ſhall not haue
Tell him his feares are ſha
And for his dreames, I wo
To truſt the mockerie of
To flye the Boare before
Were to incenſe the Boar
And make purſuite where
Go, bid thy maſter riſe an
And we will both togeth
Where he ſhall ſee the Bo
Meſ. My gracious Lor
Enter Catesby
Cat. Many good morr
Haſt. Good morrow C
What newes, what newes
Cat. It is a reeling worl
And I beleeue twill neue
Till Richard weare the G
Haſt. Who? weare the
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crow
Ere I will ſee the Crowne
But canſt thou geſſe that
Cat. Vpon my life my